

Good Morning 79

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

HAPPY OCCASION

I get around

THE QUEENSBERRY All Services Club, Hurst Street, Birmingham, was opened in May by the Lord Mayor and the Marquis of Queensberry.



THE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY

The club is one of the best equipped of its kind in the country. It will be run on the best traditional lines, and will provide dancing, variety shows, games, occasional boxing contests, talks and refreshments. Membership is open to members of the British and Allied fighting Forces and to full-time Civil Defence members and to the police.

The Marquis of Queensberry mentioned that a branch of the Queensberry Club was opened in London a year ago, and had been a great success. The club was not a charity. It was not a profit-making concern; and any funds after it had ceased its activities would be used for resettling Service men and women into civilian jobs.

In London

I VISITED the London Club, which is a large theatre in Old Compton Street, with an auditorium holding 2,500, and is packed nightly. The audience is entertained by a concert party, sees a film show, listens for twenty minutes or so to a speech by some public figure (several members of the Government, I am told, have appeared on the Queensberry Club stage), and then invades the stage itself and dances for the rest of the evening.

There are three large canteens, one on each floor of the theatre, which serve thousands of meals at a cheap rate every evening. There is a club room and a reading room, all of which are open to other ranks for four shillings a year, or ten shillings a year if you hold a commission.

The place is democratic, in the sense that nobody is interfered with and nobody patronised; exhortations, admonitions; the rules were made by the management in consultation with the members.

In Hollywood

ANOTHER club that I visited early in the war is the Hollywood canteen. I mention this place because, although I haven't a doubt you know quite well the Stage Door in New York, you might not have had the chance of getting to Hollywood yet.

I remember one night there in particular. Three hundred

By

RONALD RICHARDS

British naval men arrived, and U.S. Servicemen who were waiting their turn to get in, hearing that the visitors had only the one night ashore, offered to turn the place over entirely to them.

Hedy Lamarr, Marlene Dietrich and Norma Shearer were there to talk to them and sign autographs. Basil Rathbone and his wife, Ouida Bergere, were looking after things generally, auburn-haired Maurice, who was at the London Palladium not long ago, was at the piano, and a group of the kind of young hostesses one finds in Hollywood danced with the sailors.

Sunday is nearly always a partly British night, although Royal Navy and R.A.F. men drop in at all times. Basil Rathbone has made it his special responsibility to arrange for some members of the British Colony to be there every night in the week to help give the visitors a welcome.

Greer Garson, Ida Lupino, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Ronald Colman, Nigel Bruce, Peter Godfrey and Ken Duncan are regularly to be found there. Bette Davis, the president of the canteen, is one of its busiest helpers.

One hundred thousand Service men go there each month

and clear up 4,000 loaves of bread, 60,000 half-pints of milk, 400lbs. of butter, and 1,500lbs. of coffee, and fruit, and all kinds of other things. Rathbone does everything, from stacking dishes for the snack bar to sweeping the floor between shows.

MY figurative office boy tells me that the normal masculine countenance is adorned with a set of around 24,000 whiskers. The shavings from each and every whisker, if put in a line, would extend in forty years to more than seven yards. That the hotels of the United States have a total of 1,445,415 guest-rooms, or more than one for every 100 people in the nation.

Seems he's been getting around, too!

CAT, adult, male, brown, good home wanted, rural or suburban preferred; no children. — Advertisement in "Dundee Courier and Advertiser."

ACCORDING to the "Daily Telegraph," E.N.S.A. des-

cribes as without foundation an allegation by an actor at a British Equity meeting that members of the Forces have had to be locked in at its performance.

NOTE: I know you don't like scrounging, but if at any time you get around to any place or any person I mention, and you feel like a chat or something, don't hesitate. I invariably tell my contacts that one day some submariners will be looking them up. It is not scrounging, and they will be very delighted to meet you.

Same goes for me, too. So come up and see me some time.

HEARD THIS ONE?

"Tell me, Taffy, why is it that Wales, with such a high birth rate, has a steadily decreasing population?"

"Indeed to goodness it has. You see, mon, for every baby that is born in Wales three men emigrate to America."



Above is an intimate shot of Commander Bryant chatting with Captain J. G. Roper, O.B.E., Chief of Staff, Office of Admiral (Submarines).

Pictures by "Good Morning."

Our photographer was privileged to be present at the Office of the Admiral (Submarines) when Commander Ben Bryant, D.S.O., with Mrs. Bryant were invited to meet the Admiral (Submarines) and his wife. The occasion was in the nature of an informal reception for the Commander on his return, and this roof-top picture is one of many which marked this meeting. Left to right are: Rear Admiral C. B. Barry, D.S.O. (Admiral, Submarines), Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Bryant and Commander Bryant, D.S.O.

WINNING FOOD FROM MOUNTAINS

SOME of the bread, potatoes or mutton you eat may have come from the high slopes of the Welsh mountains.

For the first time in history the plough has been at work halfway up the side of Plynlimmon, the 24,000ft. mountain in North Wales.

Nobody thought the bleak slopes of Plynlimmon, with their moss, rushes and tough grass, could produce worthwhile crops—until it was done. Potatoes have been grown up to 1,400ft., and seed potatoes much higher. Corn and linseed for feeding to livestock have formed part of the mountain harvest, and sheep and cattle have been fattened on newly sown pastures 1,350 feet above sea-level.

In order to improve the mountain slopes for grazing sheep, some of the small, sturdy, black Welsh cattle have been left out the whole of the winter.

Where pastures have been sown with high-grade grass, the result has been so remarkable that where only one sheep to three acres could be carried before, there are now two or three sheep to each acre.

Oats where thought impossible

Research workers have produced new varieties of oats which will thrive on the poorer soil 1,600 feet up the mountain-side, where the ordinary seeds would fail.

At Dolfor Hill, on the Kerry range, the ploughing up and re-sowing of grassland has enabled a stretch of 85 acres, between 1,450 and 1,550 feet high, to feed ten times the number of sheep or cattle it did before.

At the Sign of "THE PEACOCK"

From D. DONALD

FOR a century and more the Peacock Hotel at Newhaven, Firth of Forth, has been the meeting-place of parties and clubs and a "howf" that in their day was visited by such notables as Charles Reade, once popular novelist, Sir Henry Irving and J. L. Toole.

These three lions of long ago scratched their names on the pane of a window in one of the rooms, but the pane vanished one stormy evening, and who shall say whether the riotous elements were

within or without the inn's stout walls?

Certain it is that these ghosts of the past would haunt uneasily the Peacock of to-day, for the present proprietors, the Misses Holstein, succeeding their father and mother (proprietors for forty years), have modernised the interior of the building, but the exterior is little changed, with its entrance at the end of a close, or pend, and the rear walls facing the grey waters of the Forth.

The inn buildings comprise

one-storey cottages, of which to-day but remain a number of cosy rooms that are used for private parties. Recently, when reconstruction of the premises was being carried through, there was found in the corner of one of the rooms of the original cottages, the sturdy walls of which were once washed by the sea at high tides, a small circular alcove.

Investigations revealed that the "alcove," which continued

through the floor into the cellar, faced a hole in the 3ft. thick wall of the cottage. At high tide smugglers used to row their booty alongside push barrels and cases through the hole in the wall, which gave access to the alcove that led into the cellar.

The inn has always been noted for its fish suppers—not fish and chips, but fish and more fish and "tatties" cooked in a variety of appetising ways. To-day, as years ago, it is a favourite meeting-place of social clubs of workers, and employers, too.

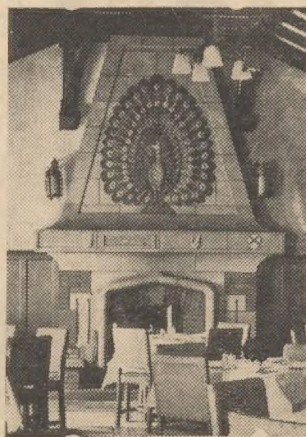
Good old days

As an indication of the "on-gauns" of the past, when whisky said "Here's how" before you tasted it and early closing would have been sacrilege, an "ordinary affair" began at 4.30 p.m., and after, say, a six-course fish tea, served up with delicious mussel sauce, etc., "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton" and "The Bonnie Earl of Moray," and the like, was heard in the land.

Times have changed, and war has probably restricted that type of feeding for which the tavern is famous, but it is still well patronised by people in all walks of life. And to meet modern needs the interior has been brought up to date with a large and beautifully appointed dining-room with an ornate peacock design above the fireplace, a modern bar where perpendicular drinking is not necessary, and facilities and comforts are provided for both sexes. But off the grand new main corridor there are still those old rooms, ideal for jolly sing-songs, and where those gathered together cannot do other than become "all Jock Tamson's bairns."



The exterior of the old Peacock Inn.



There is no "sign" hanging outside the "Peacock," but this very fine design decorates the overmantel in the modern dining-room.

Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS—41

1. Put the same two letters, in the same order, before and after the letters GRA, and make a word.
2. Link these six two-letter words together in pairs so as to make three four-letter words: AM, AN, BE, ME, ON, SO.
3. Can you change CART into PONY, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration? Change in the same way: BULB into LAMP, BITE into LOAF, MEAN into RICH.
4. Rearrange the following sets of letters to make the names of some common garden flowers:—
AYSID, AADHIL, AAIMNRSTTUU, BCEILMNOU.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 40

1. ELEPHANT.
2. UNITE—UNTIE.
3. STEAL, STEEL, STEER, SHEER, SHIER, SHIES, SHINS, CHINS, COINS, COAL, FOAL, FOOL, FOIL, BOIL, BAIL, BAIT, BAST, CAST, CASE, CAKE, COKE, SLOW, SLOT, CLOT, COOT, MOOT, MOST, MOSS, MISS, MIST, MAST, FAST, SEED, REED, REND, BEND, BOND, BOLD, COLD, CORD, CORN.
4. Hart, Rate, Tear, Cart, Star, Rats, Rout, Tour, Roar, Rose, Sore, Tare, Hare, Hear, Ears, Soar, Sour, etc.
Cater, There, Rouse, House, Chart, Heart, Stare, Share, Teach, Hours, Cheat, Cheer, Cruse, Reach, Those, etc.

M	I	T	E
L	I	F	E
D	Y	N	A
W	A	R	D
S	A	V	E
L	I	N	E

Solution to Puzzle in No. 78.

Coarse Adjustment

By NIGEL MORLAND

PROFESSOR GELLER was such a big man and the uproar he created over his rifled house was so loud that the Government tried to soothe his injured dignity by sending along Mrs. Pym in person. She found he was large, bearded and irate. He had been lent to London by a foreign university, and was, as a wag had called him, "doyen of the bug-hunting big-shots." His house was a small one in Chelsea.

"I have been robbed!" The Professor roared at Mrs. Pym as she entered. "I have suffered the impudent attentions of—"

She made an irate gesture to still that heavy accent, and succeeded.

"You don't have to yell." Her grey-blue eyes were cold and unfriendly. "I'm aware you've been robbed; I've come to help."

"You have?" Geller stared meekly at this stolid

woman; he seemed deflated. "Here is my house, you see. I have here some remarkable experiments for which some people would give much money to know. Chiefest is my fine work on the influenza virus. It is unique!"

"Indeed? Suppose you tell me what happened?" Geller began a long story. He had gone out at nine o'clock that morning, leaving in charge a Mrs. Lubeck, his daily help. During his four hours' absence somebody had gone through the papers in his study. Nothing had been taken, except a small gold watch and some Treasury notes. This loss did not seem to worry Geller. It was the fact that his extremely secret experiments had been scrutinised.

"There are scientists who wish to know how I am working," he explained. "It is not theft for advantage, but they wish to know where I am. They

3-MINUTE THRILLER

would announce their work and steal my honours."

Mrs. Pym doubted this, but admitted there might be scientific exceptions. She examined the windows, front and back doors, and went to see Mrs. Lubeck, a gentle old woman who resented any suggestion of dishonesty.

"All right; nobody's accusing you. Were there any visitors to-day?"

"Not one, ma'am. I'd've known, naturally; I keeps both doors locked when 'e's out, 'im being touched about them papers."

Mrs. Lubeck's private life stood up to examination. The next thing was sheer routine. Detectives were sent to every house in the street to check on all callers or strangers seen. Only one thing emerged. Mrs. Pym raised it with the daily help.

"You told me there weren't any visitors. What about the gasman?"

"Im? You said visitors! 'E was a gasman all right; 'ad the 'at and all." Mrs. Pym groaned and said nothing. That magical cap seemed to fool everybody when it was illegally used. "E went upstairs. I did leave 'im for a tick when the back door rang, but that's all. 'E wasn't doing nothing when I got back."

"Nothing?"

"Well, 'e was looking at that." Mrs. Lubeck pointed to a microscope on the Professor's desk. "Aving an 'armless peek. Twisted that knob a bit and said it were 'lurveverly, which didn't seem wrong to me, even if presooming like."

(Solution on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. What is a Mud Skipper?
2. Who wrote (a) "Lays of Ancient Rome," (b) "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"?
3. Which of these is an "intruder," and why? Easter Monday, Whit Monday, August Bank Holiday, Good Friday, Boxing Day.
4. When did the first aeroplane fly over the Alps?
5. Where is Coldstream?
6. Who invented the Sam Browne belt?
7. What is meant by a chukker?
8. What is a nutmeg?
9. What is the modern name of (a) Verulamium, (b) Aquæ Sulis?
10. Is a pound of gold heavier than a pound of feathers?
11. When were hops introduced into England, and from where did they come?
12. Who was Flying Childers?

Answers to Quiz in No. 78

1. William Harvey, 1616.
2. 1,300,000,000 years.
2. Knife; all the others are vessels.
4. 500 B.C.
5. The sorcerers' "Bible," a collection of witchcraft lore.
6. Lord Portal.
7. 1666.
8. Denmark, Yucatan, Queensland.
9. (a) Carlyle, (b) Charles Kingsley.
10. Ebonite is fully vulcanised rubber.
11. Gutenberg, in Germany, 1454.
12. The Chinese "Court Gazette," about 900 A.D.

ROUND THE WORLD

with our Roving Cameraman



AN EYEFUL OF SUSPICION.

Not the man, who is just arriving at the Bombay Central Market, but the ducks, who are corded down in the basket on the boss's head are suspicious. And they evidently are doing a bit of hard thinking about things. So is the owner, for that matter, for he wants the best price he can get for the duck dinners in his basket.

Who is it?

She was a fat old woman with a red and swollen nose and a weakness for gin and mild porter, the latter "brought reg'lar and draw'd mild." Her husband knocked out four of her teeth, two single and two double, which were kept by a lady friend as souvenirs. She lived in a turning off High Holborn, had a husky voice and a moist eye, and took quantities of snuff. She was a nurse by profession, by the job or monthly, with extra for night-watching. Who was she?

(Answer on Page 3)

compared us to the banks of the stream.

On gaining it, Kory-Kory, wading up to his hips in the water, carried me half-way across, and deposited me on a smooth black stone, which rose a few inches above the surface. The amphibious rabble at our heels plunged in after us; and, climbing to the summit of the grass-grown rocks, with which the bed of the brook was here and there broken, waited curiously to witness our morning ablutions. I felt somewhat embarrassed by the presence of the female portion of the company, but, nevertheless, removed my frock, and washed myself down to my waist in the stream.

As soon as Kory-Kory comprehended from my motions that this was to be the extent of my performance, he appeared perfectly agast with astonishment, and rushing towards me, poured out a torrent of words in eager deprecation of so limited an operation, enjoining me by unmistakable signs to immerse my whole body.

To this I was forced to consent; and the honest fellow regarding me as a forward, inexperienced child, whom it was his duty to

This England and these English



OUR MOTHER ISLE.

O NATIVE Britain! O my Mother Isle!
How should'st thou prove aught else but dear and holy
To me, who from thy lakes and mountain-hills,
Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,
Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
All adoration of the God in nature,
All lovely and all honourable things,
Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
Thy joy and greatness of its future being?
There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul
Unborrowed from my country.

—S. T. Coleridge (1798).

serve at the risk of offending, lifted me from the rock, and tenderly bathed my limbs. This over, and resuming my seat, I could not avoid bursting into admiration of the scene around me.

From the verdant surfaces of the large stones that lay scattered about, the natives were now sliding off into the water, diving and ducking beneath the surface in all directions; the young girls springing buoyantly into the air, with their long tresses dancing about their shoulders, their eyes sparkling like drops of dew in the

sun, and their gay laughter pealing forth at every frolicsome incident.

On the afternoon of the day that I took my first bath in the valley, we received another visit from Mehevi. The noble savage seemed to be in the same pleasant mood, and was quite as cordial in his manner as before. After remaining about an hour, he rose from the mats, and motioning to leave the house, invited Toby and myself to accompany him. I pointed to my leg; but Mehevi in his turn pointed to Kory-Kory, and removed that

Continued on Page 3.



WHEN Mehevi had departed from the house Kory-Kory commenced the functions of the post assigned him. He brought us various kinds of food; and, as if I were an infant, insisted upon feeding me with his own hands.

The repast over, my attendant arranged the mats for repose, and, bidding me lie down, covered me with a large robe of tappa, at the same time looking approvingly upon me, and exclaiming, "Ki-Ki, muce muce, ah! muce muce mortarkee," (eat plenty, ah! sleep very good). The philosophy of this sentiment I did not pretend to question; for deprived of sleep for several preceding nights, and the pain in my limb having much abated, I now felt inclined to avail myself of the opportunity afforded me.

The next morning, on waking, I found Kory-Kory stretched out on one side of me, while my companion lay upon the other. I felt sensibly refreshed after a night of sound repose, and immediately agreed to the proposition of my valet that I should repair to the water and wash, although dreading

the suffering that the exertion might produce.

From this apprehension, however, I was quickly relieved; for Kory-Kory, leaping from the pi-pi, and then backing himself up against it, like a porter in readiness to shoulder a trunk, with loud vociferations, and a superabundance of gestures, gave me to understand that I was to mount upon his back, and be thus transported to the stream, which flowed perhaps two hundred yards from the house.

Our appearance upon the verandah in front of the habitation drew together quite a crowd, who stood looking on, and conversing with one another in the most animated manner. As soon as I clasped my arms about the neck of the devoted fellow, and he jogged off

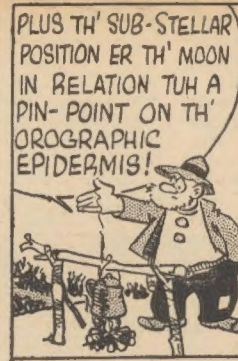
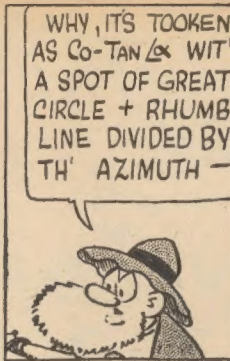
with me, the crowd—composed chiefly of young girls and boys—followed after, shouting and capering with infinite glee, and accompanied us to the banks of the stream.

JANE

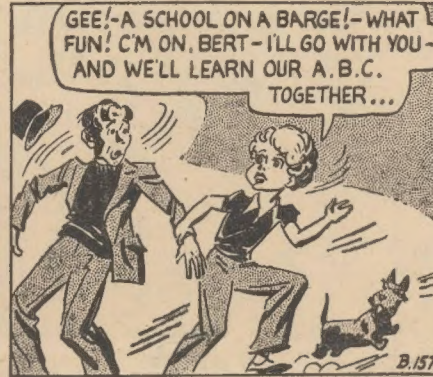
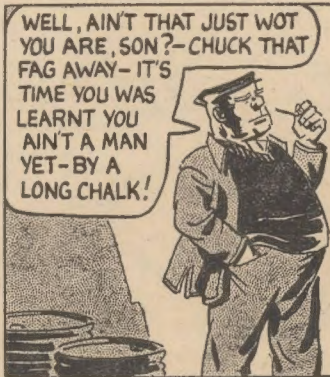
THAT NIGHT.



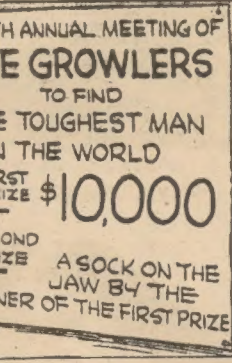
Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



Education made easy

Conducted by ODO DREW

ALTHOUGH this column exists primarily for the dissemination of light and learning, it hardly falls within its scope to answer letters seeking for information. As correspondence has been accumulating for some time, however, to-day's space may well be devoted to clearing some of it off.

"Waiting" (Bedford).—There is no such category in the Royal Navy. I know that big luxury liners carry gardeners, but the sweeps to which you refer are things, not persons.

"Helpful" (Birmingham).—It is very good of you to want to send some games to submariners. Whilst we are aware that kites and catapults are used in the Royal Navy, we do not think that submariners could find much opportunity to enjoy playing with them.

"Curious" (Chatham).—We can thoroughly recommend "Seen Through the Scuttle," by Samuel Pepys.

"Petty Officer" (Plymouth).—No. You are confusing names. It is quite definite that Admiral (S) did not write either "Dear Brutus" or "Mary Rose."

"Chemist" (Wigan).—Perhaps the insertion of a hyphen between the two first words would be an improvement. Sick berth attendants do not necessarily belong to a low medical grade, nor are they men who are on "Medicine and duty."

"Spinster" (Canterbury).—We are all for the purity of our common tongue; but fail to see that "double-bottom" can be changed with advantage, either to nice-minded people (your own phrase) or to the technical person who is well aware of what it means.

"Anxious Mother" (Bath).—You may set your mind at rest. Gun-laying is not a painful business; and your son would soon get used to the shells that are provided.

"Sweetheart" (Greenock).—You know, of course, that after having been fired continuously for a long time the pair on naval guns blisters. You are right, then, in assuming that after a really hot fleet action battleships are liable to return to harbour with blisters.

"Humorist" (Cardiff).—Ha, ha! If the Americans have their General Doolittle, you say, the German Navy goes one better with its Admiral Doonix.

"Worried" (Hull).—There is no need to be anxious. Even if your boy-friend does become a writer, you may be certain that he is unlikely to become a Pharisee. The Royal Navy does not link these with Scribes, as may have been the practice in the Hebrew sea-services.

TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

objection; so, mounting upon the faithful fellow's shoulders again—like the old man of the sea astride of Sinbad—I followed after the chief.

The nature of the route we now pursued struck me more forcibly than anything I had yet seen, as illustrating the indolent disposition of the islanders. The path was obviously the most beaten one in the valley, several others leading from either side into it, and perhaps for successive generations it had formed the principal avenue of the place. And yet, until I grew more familiar with its impediments, it seemed as difficult to travel as the recesses of a wilderness.

Part of it swept around an abrupt rise of ground, the surface of which was broken by frequent inequalities, and thickly strewn with projecting masses of rocks, whose summits were often hidden from view by the drooping foliage of the luxurious vegetation.

Sometimes directly over, sometimes evading these obstacles with a wide circuit, the path wound along—one moment climbing over a sudden eminence, smooth with continued wear, then descending on the other side into a steep glen, and crossing the flinty channel of a brook. Here it pursued the depths of a glade, occasionally obliging you to stoop beneath vast horizontal branches; and now you stepped over huge trunks and boughs that lay rotting across the track.

Such was the grand thorough-

fare of Typee. After proceeding a little distance along it—Kory, Kory panting and blowing with the weight of his burden—I dismounted from his back, and grasping the long spear of Mehevi in my hand, assisted my steps over the numerous obstacles of the road; preferring this mode of advance to one which, from the difficulties of the way, was equally painful to myself and my wearied servitor.

Our journey was soon at an end; for, scaling a sudden height, we came abruptly upon the place of our destination.

Here were situated the Taboo groves of the valley—the scene of many a prolonged feast, of many a horrid rite.

(Continued to-morrow)

Answer to Who is It?
MRS. GAMP, in "Martin Chuzzlewit"

British Towns?

L	A	M	B	H	I	T	R	H
E	I	R	C	R	S	T	E	T
L	O	V	D	E	T	O	R	
D	O	I	E	A	S	O	G	R
M	A	I	T	S	P	T	O	R
S	A	N	N	E	S	R	E	L
W	E	I	S	U	O	E	E	
C	D	L	C	B	B	D	N	E
S	O	U	C	R	P	U	G	R

Here are the names of some well-known towns of the British Isles. Each letter is in the right column, but not in the right line. Can you find them? (Solution in No. 80)

CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9							
11							
14							
17							
23							
31							
37							

CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Fluent.
- 5 Equitable portion.
- 9 Get.
- 10 Obstruct.
- 11 Part of coat.
- 12 Proverb.
- 14 Poem.
- 15 Sporting contests.
- 17 Extended.
- 19 Hampshire river.
- 21 Originator.
- 23 Pennon.
- 25 Described grammatically.
- 28 Ordinary clothes.
- 30 Be inquisitive.
- 31 Higher.
- 33 Quit.
- 35 Nothing.
- 36 Exercised.
- 37 Representative.
- 38 Accomplishment.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 By degrees.
- 2 Bounds along.
- 3 Cold stuff.
- 4 Golf club.
- 5 Thin stratum.
- 6 Humiliate.
- 7 Coarse stone.
- 8 Build.
- 9 Fall without splash.
- 13 Discourage.
- 16 Take from another.
- 18 The Dutch capital.
- 20 Dodged.
- 22 Started on voyage.
- 23 Local beasts.
- 24 Copious.
- 26 Flood.
- 27 Coloured.
- 29 Chafe.
- 32 Farm animal.
- 34 Before.

P	T	P	B	O	A	S	P	A
A	N	O	D	E	B	A	C	O
I	N	K	G	A	S	R	U	G
L	A	S	L	O	C	A	T	E
T	P	I	L	L	O	R		
B	E	S	O	M	V	O	L	E
L	C	O	M	P	E	L	X	
U	S	U	R	E	R	S	A	C
F	O	R	R	O	D	L	I	E
F	A	R	E	S	A	B	U	S
S	K	Y	E	L	M	E	N	

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

Bonnie Scotland



Scottish scenic grandeur is amply presented to lovers of the bonnie land at the spot where the river Dochart babbles its way through this ancient bridge.



We're all at sea for a caption to this charming study of Universal star Carol Bruce. Our ambition is to be deck-hand with plenty of time off. Did you see her with Abbott and Costello and Martha Raye in "Keep 'em Flying"? If you see it billed—it's worth your time.



"Come up and see me sometime—

— If you'd only surface once in a while, there's no knowing what fun we could have together."



"Well, my little lady, I don't know what exactly your intentions were. I can see the water, but it's warm, and I don't usually drink warm water. Surely you didn't intend—you couldn't think—you wouldn't DARE suggest that I take a bath in this! Isn't it carrying austerity too far?"



This duck, belonging to Tommy Hogg, of "The Britannia" at Richmond, Surrey, does a great many amazing things. But we are quite sure she didn't do this one—though she keeps on trying to kid the customers that it's "all my own work."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Half the birds one meets these days are liars any-way."

